Fill In All The Gaps

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/50462818.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Jack Crawford & Will Graham, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Pre-Relationship, Hurt/Comfort, Hurt Will Graham, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford Being Jack Crawford, lowkey flirting in front of a corpse, Whumptober, but with minimal whump, no beta we die like forensic protocol
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Whump Is My Design
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-01 Words: 1,410 Chapters: 1/1

Fill In All The Gaps

by WordsAblaze

Summary

"You have never been pointless, Will," Hannibal tells him as soon as they're alone.

"Jury seems to be divided on that one," Will replies, watching as forensics arrive, no doubt preparing to accuse him of tainting the crime scene yet again. Hannibal follows his gaze and sighs, a noise so out of place that Will can't resist looking over to him instead, which seems to have been the purpose of the action, judging by Hannibal's faint smirk.

"You keep doing that," Will accuses. At Hannibal's flawlessly raised eyebrow, he groans, gesturing vaguely. "You keep drawing my attention to yourself. This is a crime scene, Doctor Lecter, my attention is supposed to be on the crime."

Notes

call me hannibal lecter with the way i couldn't resist hurting will graham for the sake of whumptober,,,

day 1 prompts used: safety net

See the end of the work for more notes

I chose you at the roll of a dice.

When the time comes, when night falls, I watch you turn the lights off and go to bed without a care in the world.

I wish I could do the same. I know better.

There is nothing carefree in my life and I can't stand your ignorant carelessness. It is convenient that you live alone. Convenient for me, anyway. There is no sound in your apartment. I can't stand the quiet. I want to hear you scream. I know I can't, because the dice didn't choose an isolated house where that would be safe.

I roll the dice again, to decide whether or not to kill you quickly.

The dice lands, and your fate is sealed to be slow and messy and as careless as my thoughts can never be.

In your death, you scream. I'm careful, and you can't make a sound, but you will be nothing more than a frozen scream by the time the sun rises. You will scream for me and me alone, and the sound will linger in my thoughts as a replacement for the silence I can't stand.

Your screams will not linger forever but, fortunately, the dice have yet to stop rolling.

My turn is incomplete.

This is still my turn.

This is—

"—my design," Will whispers, clenching his jaw as he glances over the dice scattered around the room, scattered around the victim's exposed organs. "The—his turn isn't complete."

"His turn?" Jack echoes.

Will unclenches his jaw with a wince and nods. "He thinks of this as a game. It's a game to clear his head. There's no real motive other than to, uh, progress."

"And what is he progressing to, exactly?"

Biting back the childish urge to roll his eyes at the predictability of Jack's questions, Will shrugs. "I couldn't say for sure. He… he doesn't know what he's doing, there's no real way for us to predict who his dice will choose next."

"Well, there'd better be *some* way when predicting that's the whole point of you."

Will's breath stutters in his throat, twisting itself into a guilt-ridden knot that he has to physically swallow down as he digs his nails into his palms and glares daggers into the faultless die just next to his foot.

He knows Jack isn't entirely wrong, that understanding and predicting serial killers is his job, but a small part of him burns with indignation at being so easily reduced to a neurotic crystal ball. The knot in his throat proves to be too tangled for him to verbalise his anger, but he can feel it manifesting as stinging warmth trickles over his fingers. Like the body before him, he is a frozen scream, and he finds himself wishing *he* could roll a dice to decide what to do next.

"It most certainly is not," someone argues on his behalf.

Will's head snaps up so fast he has to blink twice to clear his vision, and he can feel the way his shoulders fall in relief at the sight of a familiar, obnoxious blazer. His anger doesn't dissipate but it does dampen itself into something manageable when Hannibal walks over and gently lifts his hands, prying his fingers open and ignoring the way his own are instantly tinged with red.

"You are going to contaminate the crime scene," Hannibal chides, though not unkindly. But Will has momentarily forgotten about the crime scene because Hannibal smells like silk and cinnamon and *safety* , and there is enough indignation under Will's skin to allow him a moment of quiet rebellion in which he closes his eyes and lets his drop onto Hannibal's shoulder.

He thinks Jack might be saying something but whatever it is falls on deaf ears because Will cannot think beyond Hannibal's touch, beyond the sensation of his fingers gently caressing the red crescents on Will's palms as if to erase the self-inflicted marks through determination alone. If only that were enough.

"His turn continues tonight," Will blurts, ignoring the pair of startled expressions the comment induces, and reluctantly pulls his hands away from Hannibal's in order to walk back over to the body, rationality catching up to his earlier gut instinct. "The dice are rolling steadily. But his actions aren't as random as he thinks they are anymore. The last two victims have both been college students, and so will the next one. Eighteen years old because… because he's rolling as high as he can."

"Dice don't roll eighteen, Will," Jack says flatly.

Will clicks his fingers and points at Jack without lifting his eyes from the body. "Exactly. They only roll to twelve. He's… become the third die."

"He has found himself a pattern he sees no need to change," Hannibal says quietly.

Using that as a springboard, Will glances over the dice scattered around the room, nodding. "We should focus on the landlord rather than the college. See how many eighteen-year-old college students live in his buildings. It's more than likely the next will be a tenant here too."

"And if you're wrong?" Jack asks, clearly sceptical of Will's abrupt revelation.

He doesn't know how to explain that a moment's reprieve in Hannibal's presence is, surprisingly often, enough fuel to organise the evidence into something presentable, so he

doesn't. With a shrug, Will slips his hands into his pockets. "Then I may be pointless after all."

Jack has the decency to look apologetic—more than enough from someone who presents as medically allergic to admitting wrong—before nodding and heading to relay Will's suggestions to the other field agents.

"You have never been *pointless* , Will," Hannibal tells him as soon as they're alone.

"Jury seems to be divided on that one," Will replies, watching as forensics arrive, no doubt preparing to accuse him of tainting the crime scene yet again. Hannibal follows his gaze and sighs, a noise so out of place that Will can't resist looking over to him instead, which seems to have been the purpose of the action, judging by Hannibal's faint smirk.

"You keep doing that," Will accuses. At Hannibal's flawlessly raised eyebrow, he groans, gesturing vaguely. "You keep drawing my attention to yourself. This is a *crime scene* , Doctor Lecter, my attention is supposed to be on the *crime* ."

"And yet, a moment of divided attention appears to significantly aid your problem-solving."

"You smell like cinnamon," Will replies tangentially, because he can't really argue with that.

Hannibal tilts his head a touch to the right. "Do you like cinnamon rolls, Will?"

Blinking slowly, Will nods. "I… can't specifically recall the taste." There is half a moment in which Will finds the conversation nothing short of absurd, especially not two feet away from a corpse, but then Hannibal's expression softens into something that feels too sacred to label, and Will's concern is replaced with curiosity.

"Would you allow me to do the honours of jogging your memory?"

Will scoffs. "You can't mean to imply that whatever… organic… handcrafted… meticulously baked dessert you're offering will, in any way, compare to the average cinnamon roll."

"Do you feel yourself to be average? Deserving of average tastes?" Hannibal asks, his gaze almost piercing as he waits for Will to reply. When Will doesn't, the hint of a smirk flickers across his face yet again. "I can assure you, your struggle with taste will not be disappointed by my… above average offer."

"Humble," Will mutters, but doesn't decline.

"Of course, you must allow me to see to your palms first."

At that, Will laughs. "What, a sprinkle of blood wouldn't compliment the cinnamon flavour?"

Hannibal looks as though he's seriously contemplating the suggestion, something sharp and shadowed glinting in his eyes, but, before Will can even frown, the glint fizzles into more standard, clearly identifiable amusement. "I can't imagine that would cater to your desire for an average taste."

“And to *your* above average taste?” Will whispers, not entirely certain what kind of answer he hopes to receive, or even what question he intends to ask. Not that it matters, because the two of them are gently ushered away from the crime scene before Hannibal can reply, and Will finds himself further ushered into an above average passenger seat between one pounding heartbeat and the next.

“Presumptuous,” Will grumbles, but doesn’t argue.

Hannibal meets his gaze in the rear view mirror and, when he’s certain he has Will’s undivided attention once more, smirks.

End Notes

the balance of comfort is far too high for this to be whump but it's a start !

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